Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?
Rod. Sir, sir, sir.
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good sir
Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.
Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.
Iag. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the
Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke
wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary
horse; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Coursers
for Cousens, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the
Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the grosse claspes of a lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and sawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That

That from the seuse of al ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I say againe) hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: Straight satisfie your se
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.
Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall,)
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
(How euer this may gaule him with some checke)
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
(Which euen now stands in act) that for their soules
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely find
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Enter Brabantio *in his night gowne, and seruants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Rodorigo*,